

## Do You Want To Know?

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# Do You Want To Know?

by [venomousOctopus](#)

## Summary

Dear Lady Satsuki,

I have- no had, a crush on you.

I loved- no, I still, love you.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Dear Lady Satsu- no,

Dear Satsuki.

I hope I do not come across as too forward by addressing you as such, but I feel as if I need to do this to get across my feelings at this moment. Heh. If uncle hears about this, he would give me quite a scolding, I would think. He really does respect you quite a bit, and sometimes I feel as if he dotes more on you than he does for his own nephew...Ah well, that is not the issue of this letter, and I apologize for digressing. Let me be frank.

I have- no had, a crush on you.

I know it must sound quite juvenile but crush is not exactly the right word. More like an attraction and an admiration, and sometimes an urge to shield you from your own cruel world. You inspire that in both myself and Jakazure, you know. And perhaps even all of the Elite 4 on some level.

I still remember when I first met you. All I have heard from uncle before we met is how you were such a happy child, so kind and sincere. I never really saw that side of you until far later, unfortunately, but I do not regret the steps toward it. Uncle told me you needed a playmate when he brought me. That /I/ needed a playmate as well. I have never been a particularly outgoing child so I could not do much, but you seemed to find comfort in me. In instilling confidence in me. Even in the deepest pit of your despair did you try to remain strong to teach me, and I believe that taught you what you needed as well.

As the years went by you grew stronger, had more conviction. You drafted Jakazure and she believed in your words so much she would never stop talking to me about them. Of how 'Satsuki is sooo cool! Sooo strong!' She truly did believe in your words you know, and held them to her heart as much as you have. I don't think she ever really understood /why/ you had to until much later though. Why you tensed up whenever your mother entered the room. Why you turned your head away when Jakazure happily greeted 'Hiya, Auntie Ragyo!'.

To be quite honest, I do not think I ever understood the depth of your hatred until later either. All I knew is what uncle originally told me: 'Satsuki Kiryuin is a troubled child and needs a playmate to cheer her up'

You transferred into a public Middle School after the years we all shared in Elementary. Jakazure did as well, prone to following you around like she always was. I remember that I really hated the private school I studied at, simply because you were not there. I knew it was selfish- that you had to do it for your own sake, but without anyone else, school was...difficult. I imagine you must know why, considering you helped with the same situation in our younger years.

We always met up over the weekends, and those were some of the happiest times of the week for me. I would see your dazzling return and the three of us, but sometimes just the two of us, would speak over the week's events, watch television, play board games or even go shopping.

You smiled and all the week's torments: the threatening letters, the ripped-off hair, the torn stuffed toys, all vanish because in the end, only you mattered.

I distinctly remember watching a romance movie of some sort with you and just you (Jakazure fell asleep and had to be taken home), and as a child who appreciated the idealistic and sometimes bittersweet themes of a typical romance story but never really felt otherwise, nothing had affected me as it had then. I distinctly remember empathizing with the lead and all his worries. I remember looking over at you and the realization hitting me.

I loved- no, I still, love you.

Of course, we both know nothing came out of it, otherwise I would not be writing this letter, would I?

I wanted to protect you, to be the one to soothe all your worries into nothing as you have done so many times for me. You always protected me even though I was originally supposed to be the one doing so. I felt weak, disgusted with myself. I always asked so much of you. I believe I did bring up that matter with you once. You told me that protecting me gave you more assurance than anything else could. That the responsibility you felt for me gave you better understanding of what family was then your mother ever did.

I suppose that was also that moment I knew it would never work. You knew me for too long, guarded and kept me close for too long. Saw me at my worst and my best, at every moment. If you had loved me that way, you would know much earlier than I would have. If my uncle was your substitute father figure, then it would be only logical for his nephew to be a brother, wouldn't it? The revelation hurt.

I never thought I would find anyone else, if I was being quite honest, but middle schoolers believe the world to be much smaller and narrower than it really is. That the failed tests, the breakups, the friends, the enemies, so on, during those years will be important for the rest of your life. Well, they could be, but for the most part, after a few years or even only one, hindsight makes one wonder why they ever cared so much. The same case could be said for this crush of mine. I believed it to be the be-all, end-all. That I will never find another girl like you because you are irreplaceable and unique. Well...since I wrote girl, I suppose I still never did.

Inumuta Houka joined around that time, didn't he? He reminds me of you in quite a lot of ways, actually, from the very beginning. Meeting him was like a déjà vu of sorts; he was cold, distant, didn't want to explain his past or anything involving it, just like you when I first met you. We distracted ourselves in other matters, though instead of playing tag and hide-and-seek or whatever other children's games you and I played, Inumuta and I researched the Life Fibres instead.

He is so similar to you, so so much. Even before I learned about his past with his family, (which you most likely already knew about, didn't you?), he had a tendency to remain aloof and clinical. He had his own goals and, just like you, would do almost whatever he can to achieve them, even at the risk of losing other comforts. He never talked to the other students you drafted and he always returned to his dorm as soon as he was done with his work. I remember one night, the first night we all ate together, I believe, he finished his food quite

quickly and left the table just as well. The exact same thing you used to do, wasn't it, Satsuki? Sanageyama had to inform him to sit down and eat with the rest like family does but he never spoke. He always finished his meal and sat in silence for the rest of it.

It should not have surprised me that I got attached to him. Just as I have become your source of comfort, I wanted to be his. He was quiet but the more we collaborated, the more easy I found to speak to him. Like you, he also had a protective instinct over myself, and took the time to remind me to sleep and ordered us both food that he deemed healthy. He was never as straightforward, obviously, but like you, he would rather show off instead of seeking out help himself. Haha...

I never really liked that side of either of you, but I suppose it can't be helped.

Inumuta /is/ similar to you, I will not deny that. And the attraction I feel towards him was most likely due in part due to my lingering feelings for you. However, he is not you, there are many things that sets you both apart as well.

Houka...he's less...honourable, I suppose. His goals and methods can be quite questionable at times, like yours, but he does not mind being seen badly. You always have to keep up an appearance of power, to assure us and make sure we're safe, but Houka does not have that. He does not care, really. And he would willingly beg and grovel if he needed to. I would find this behaviour a bit insulting and kind of weak but there is a logic behind it. He doesn't have the power, so he has to be smarter with how he handles situations. He taught me that.

Another thing is that when he finally relaxed, he took no time in asserting his superiority over the other students in terms of intelligence. By that, I mean, he constantly got into verbal arguments with Nonon and the others. His remarks are more subtle than Nonon's, but they sting, nonetheless. Instead of finding it deplorable or annoying like I thought it would, I find it cute? I suppose. In a way, he finally did open up and allowed himself to show his nature to everyone, however unpleasant or endearing it may be.

And the final difference, one that is the most obvious, probably, is the fact that he does, in fact, return my feelings. Whenever he thought I was working too late in the sewing labs, he would visit himself and make sure I take a rest. Whenever I got nervous or anxious about speaking to strangers, he would encourage me by giving me information on how to approach them or make them less intimidating (mostly by telling me questionable things about them...he really does know quite a bit). Whenever he sees me eat something unhealthy consistently, he goes out of his way to make me lunch himself, or order it for both our sakes. He tells me to take breaks a lot as well.

These habits have always become more prominent as the years at Honnouji went by. When I questioned him about it last year, he simply said that he has been in the same position, so he did not want someone else to suffer what he did. When I questioned him about it this year, he said he was fond of me. "B-but don't think of that in the romantic sense!" He said.

It ended up being the romantic sense. For a boy with so much data and excellent deduction skills, when it comes to romantic matters, Houka is quite ignorant. Or he simply chose to be. I still can't really tell. Nevertheless, dating him was comforting. It was all those weekends you visited, minus the bitterness of knowing you have other matters. It was those childhood

games we played together but with the bonus of fleeting kisses and caresses. He's everything those romantic movies portray relationships as, and then some. We've only been dating for two months but I feel like I have known him forever.

I love you, Satsuki, and I love Houka as well. I truly do. You and him are both quite important to me. I hope you will find someone, or something, that will help you move on as I feel like I never really succeeded in that in my years of knowing you. I apologize for that. You have always done so much more for me than I ever have. Thank you so much for everything you have done for me.

Sincerely, Iori Shiro

P.S. Oh, also, don't tell my uncle I'm dating him yet, I wish to tell him myself. Houka needs...a bit more practice with his etiquette, haha.

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Satsuki Kiryuin read over the contents of the letter once, twice. On her third read-through, she simply shook her head and smiled, setting down the cup of tea she was drinking.

"Young Master, may I ask who that letter is from?" A soft voice asked from beside her.

"It's from a really close friend- no, a family of mine"

"Ah. You look quite blissful today, it's good news, I presume?"

"Yes, yes. Very good news, actually. I feel you will know of it soon"

"Then I will patiently await whatever it is. Another cup of tea?"

"Thank you, Soroi"

As the ebony-haired teenager brought the cup to her lips once more, the thought at the forefront of her mind was a simple one:

Finally.

## End Notes

To be honest, I don't like SatsuShiro that much, but I saw a headcanon somewhere that theorized Iori used to have a crush on Satsuki when he was younger and I could see it. I also really like ShiHou and Satsuki/Houka parallels so thats why i wrote this. The potential for Satsuki/Iori/Houka ot3 is so good....I love it...

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